

*The Comickall Historie of*

For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion :

Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye vvvell awhile,

Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

*Loren.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.

I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,

For *Gratiano* never lets me speake.

*Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeares more,

Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue.

*Ant.* Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

*Gra.* Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable

In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible.

*Exeunt.*

*Ant.* It is that any thing now.

*Bass.* *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reasons are as two graines of wheat hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shal seeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the same,

To whom you swore a seeret pilgrimage,

That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

*Bass.* Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*,

Hovv much I have disabled mine estate,

By something shovving a more swelling port,

Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:

Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate, but my chiefe care

Is to come fairely off from the great debts,

Wherein my time something too prodigall

Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*,

I owe the most in money and in love,

And from your love I have a vvarrantie

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,

Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,

And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes

Lycall unlockt to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my Schoole daies, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot

*the Merchant of Venice.*

I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight

The selfe same vvay, vvith more advised watch,

To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,

I oft found both: I urge this child-hood prooffe,

Because what followes is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth

That which I owe is lost; but if you please

To shoot another arrow that selfe way

Which you did shoot the first, I doe not doubt,

As I will watch the ayne, or to find both,

Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*An.* You know me well, and herein spend but time

To winde about my love with circumstance,

And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong

In making question of my uttermost

Then if you had made vvast of all I have:

Then doe but say to me vvhat I should doe

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it; therefore speake.

*Bass.* In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,

And she is faire, and fairer then that vvord,

Of vvondrous vertues; sometimes from her eyes

I did receive faire speechlesse messages:

Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd

To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,

Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant of her vvorth,

For the foure vvinds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

Which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond;

And many *Iasons* come in quest of her,

O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes

To hold a rivall place vvith one of them,

I have a minde presages me such thrift

That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

*Anth.* Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,

Neither have I money, nor commoditie

To